



I' M A WREKK

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portland, or

ah

84144

i love trades!

I' M

A

WREKK

#2



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OK I guess that is it for I'M A

poetry when you are thinking that you are watching the most beautiful creature in the world while they are sleeping, wishing that someday they will realize how you feel without having to utter a word. I'm afraid to feel that way again. I'm afraid to reactivate my heart. I don't see anything that is worth it and I know it will just cause me pain. I wonder if that is why I have always been so picky? I'm just not the casual dating buy-you-food-and-a-theater-ticket to get to know you on the weekends type. I'd rather spend hours walking around, or go to a park, or try cooking with them (that is always a true test for me). It doesn't take money to get to know someone. I have had people hit on me but it bothers me more than anything when people I don't know compliment me on my looks that is something I can't control. I would rather someone compliment me on my record collection or my shoes but not my face or body. I see getting to know someone as finding connections. Is this making any sense?

as childish as it seems. I love the quote "work like you don't need the money. Dance like no one is watching. And love like you have never been hurt." It is so fucking hard when you realize that most relationships are unbalanced. Why is that? Why can't two people fall madly hopelessly in love and stay that way until they die? Ok so that is extremely unrealistic and most people would probably get bored with that and your friends (if you had friends) would hate you. You would have to both be completely ignorant oblivious idiot servants for each other who are eternally amazed by everything the other does. Not many people would want that. I have felt like there is a fuzziness surrounding you and that person. Where every shared smile is an inside joke and simple everyday things seem new from the first morning breath coffee stained kiss to the last beer soaked one before sleep.

And I have felt that feeling of love as your own personal secret. Where every glance means infinitely more to you and you wonder if that person shines a little brighter to others because of how they look in your eyes. Your thoughts flow like

I really thought I had a bunch of defenses, but for those words to finally be said after over a year and a half, they can't be taken for granted. The truth is our realities are not congruent. I am almost sorry that I thought they might be. So now I am trying to rebuild and rewire things, thoughts, and feelings that before I didn't know were a malfunction. I will be fine. I'm not crazy. I may over analyze things and nauseam but people on the outside assure me that it is not just "in my head" as one could assume.

I can't help it, my heart beat is erratic and I guess I got trapped in my head again for a bit, and sometimes I don't want to get out. I ponder personality probability and now I can't slow my mind. It is three a.m. and I can't sleep again. How can I write something not to anger that will get my point across? I thought poetry might help. Sometimes poetry seems to have a familiar quality of being drunk in its

notebook let alone my head. It is not about being vindictive. It may be about getting a response, but more about getting an acknowledgement or understanding. Why would I want to hurt someone that I care about? If the person seems to have a decent respect for my thoughts, feelings, and opinions there is no point. When someone purposefully tries to hurt me and doesn't care, that is when I get angry. I feel I am getting dangerously close to that now so... "I got keep my distance"

I was trying to figure out if putting my heart on paper was a good idea, or if I should just smile and pretend that everything is ok. I decided I can do both, I am a paradox. It is my middle name (Alex P. Wrekk) if you believe in astrology I'm a Gemini, it could just be my logical/emotional dual realities. It is just so hard to shut up when I am screaming on the inside. The safest way for me to "expose my heart to toxic air" is on paper. I will just bite off my words, or maybe swallow them whole and regurgitate them when the time is right. Words affect me, things don't

relate to, someone who half understands and doesn't have to try, someone that I know will be there when the day is done. They instinctively know and ask relevant questions that help clarify the world around me by holding mirrors up to the way I think, helping me understand the world around me. A person to stay up talking with until the sun catches up. Someone who can relate specific details of their life to mine that actually make sense,

letting me know that we were on the same wavelength. Someone who can understand and possibly say they would have done the same thing in a given situation. Someone willing to question but not make me feel uncomfortable or defensive about it. Someone who could accept my thoughts on paper instead of forced crude words uttered out of frustration to their ears. Someone who just understand and wants to understand, and can't help but understand my microcosm of reality and can somehow help me figure out how it



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#2



That's not what I meant at all...

Welcome to I'm a wreck #2. I really didn't expect to do another issue, I was going to start work on my other zine, Brainscan. I got some great feedback from #1. I appreciate it. I read a zine called "three am" by someone called Lisa. I really, really liked it. Here is one of the many quotes that I related to:

"... So this is me, in these pages

expressed to the best of my ability. I've learned a lot since the first issue, about myself and life. I'm still learning, till the day I die. I keep wondering why I bother doing something like this, sharing all my thoughts, like publishing my diary. I realize it is because I have this need for people to understand me in a way I could never say out loud. I want to share the view from my eyes. Maybe it will help my friends understand my dissected thoughts and sentiments, maybe it will touch someone somewhere whom I've never met. I get scared too. Like I have said too much. I always say too much. Now my heart

OK I guess that is it for I'M A

Wreck #2.. I'm going to start work on Brain scan. Brainscan #10 will be a compilation of the good stuff

from 1-7.. #11 will be a split with

my friendo Shane.. #12 will be a split

with Brad from Suburb an Subway. He

cc with me to take a trip to

Cleveland. So I am heading out there

in a few weeks on the bus. From there

we are going to the Milkes-Barre test in

PA.. we are going to do all sorts of

misadventur so the zine should be pretty

fun.. Well here is the obligatory thank

you list. thank to... My sister Nebly..

Justin the black metal australien.

Gavin, Broo. seime, kave, cody, tphanie,

and I'm sure more that I forgot.

SOUNDTRACK: the smiths, discount, year

of the rat comp, interstate, homesick,

the cure. AVAL

and some other good stuff..

the poems are from Tim he does a

zine called 'hello nothing' we are

going to do a split poetry zine..

my part of it will most likely be

called Curious Constellation.. thank

-ALEX WRECK June 99

I'm a wreck c/o lunchroom 50 S. Main #25-7
Salt Lake City, Utah 84144

and we talked,
so civil,,
so disgustingly polite and civil,
and for a minute or two,
pretended that we were,
though i think that we were not.
and you got me onto babbling
babbling to myself,,
myself so very stupidly,,
in horrible abstracts
and blantant nonspecifics,
like this.

-Tim

Loneyness-productivity
things will be alright
every bruise will heal.
so long as i can collect the blood,,
that flows so freely from my body.
and load it into my quill
or onto my brush
things will be alright

-Tim

hello nothing
222 oak road
winter springs, fl 32708

put in words could just be sitting on a shelf
somewhere, for any eyes. What if I leave out
the most important line and no one gets the
joke. But here I will stand for taking risks."
Yes! Yes! I totally agree. You can write
to her: Three am, 1690 hamper street, Santa
Cruz, Ca. 95062

So here we go again...

On account of people's gross
misunderstandings, I feel the need to explain
myself once again. I guess it is just me
trying to understand things in a never-
ending process of recreating my reality or
something as large and abstract as that.
I wish I could say that I don't care if
someone doesn't understand things that I have
tried to explain a million times before in
almost as many way, but I do, and it just may
be my tragic flaw

I feel like I don't posses the correct words
for certain people to understand. A thing
that seems so concrete in my mind can be
twisted and manipulated by someone else, it
frustrates me to no end. It's not fair, but I
know life is not fair. So I try not to care.

Sometimes it goes away. Like a boiling pot it evaporates and disappears or it boils over and I can't sit still or shut up and my heart beats like crazy with a mouthful of unspoken words at the first sight of that person standing alone at a bus stop. These insecurities that I have not quashed due to my comfort, and allowed to build up around me are tearing me apart. I really tried to be strong. I was holding things at arms length and ready to turn and walk away at any moment. Three words, "I love you" made the difference. So unexpected, yet so understood. Some how it rationalized that it was ok to be vulnerable, not insecure, but vulnerable. It was all right to take off my boots and my tough girl front and occasionally feel like a girl and be treated like a princess. It made me feel that for once it was not a weakness to be feeling that way. Now I am stuck feeling more like a girl than ever and he is not here. I wish I could box it up with 9th grade love letters, but it doesn't work like that.

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you said that all the girls in your life
seem to have some association with
lawbreaker, and that when we weren't
together anymore I would end up
buying a Ford Escort like your other
ex-girlfriends. I decided to leave the
State, buy a bike, and find a boy
who likes lawbreaker and used to
have a Ford Escort instead.

Brainstorm mine

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presentation. I guess that was another point that was missed.

Do you know what? I think people do want to read zines about how I got screwed over this time, last time, or next time. Those are the zines that I would want to read. Maybe I will write a zine every time a boyfriend breaks up with me... or I get hurt, or I am frustrated about something, or something is bothering me... I thought that is what I did anyway. Do you really think that people want to hear fictitious songs about coffee shop girls with plunk hair and blue shoes that don't even exist? Of course they do. It is poetry, it is music, it is art, different mediums but they are still universals that the soul

understands, they are what myth is made of. It is easy to write about heartbreak it is even easier to spin romantic love nostalgia into music or onto paper after time has dulled the pain with the realization that it is something that now merely exists in your own head.

LOVE: the hugest paradox ever.

mentally. He always has a way of making my dreams seem absurd, forcing me to create new ones out of better substance. I only end up getting 3 hours of sleep due to lengthy phone conversations. I don't mind, it is those moments of clarity at 4am. That make it all worthwhile. We are essentially searching for the same thing but we know it is not each other. We tried that and it was too weird. One night we came up with this idea of a lonely hearts draw your name out of a hat club. To get your name in the hat you have to answer a series of questions from multiple choice to short answers. I think he decided that he was going to be the sole judge, I'm not too sure about that.

I don't write half of my thoughts in my notebook, I mean I only have 9 for the past 2 years. Some of my thoughts scare me. Like I don't like being alone too much. I like to have something to do and someone to do things with. Maybe I shouldn't be scared that I think that. I like having that one person who at the end of the day, I know will be there for me. Is that selfish? I'm scared of having feelings for someone again.

fits into the bigger picture. And I would do the same for that person and I would feel comfortable about it not obligated or constrained.

Tall order, I know, but like I said they wouldn't have to try to be all of that, they just will. I thought some people fit that category but it was temporary and now they are gone. Why do people say things about how they are there for you and when you need them they are gone? When I say that I will always be there I try my hardest to do it or I would never have said it in the first place. I have had some strange experiences with people showing up later when they need me even if they had hurt me, or hadn't talked to me in years, I was there. A recent example was the person who helped me crawl out of my shell. The person who I talked about in I'm A Wreck #1. He showed up a few weeks ago needing a boot to the head with steel-toed reality. Guess what? I'm that boot. I learned my lesson last time and I'm not going to fall for him. That would be a really stupid thing to do. We just sit around and complain. He is a person who is great at challenging me

The reality of my microcosm: a compilation of my cluttered thoughts on paper at three a.m., my over analysis, everything equals me. Most people have had their heart broken, I know I'm not the first, but it all happens differently. It is the particulars of the universals that grab at the soul. Like my sister said, "everyone falls, some just fall harder than others".

Ok, if you knew how to hurt someone, and the thought never actually crossed your mind until the person accuses you of it, don't you think that it should show by your non-action that you care enough about a person not to try to hurt them? For example: if you knew it would hurt someone more if you acted unphased about a situation as opposed to trying to explain yourself. Do you think you would really get more pleasure out of their misery by keeping it inside and driving yourself crazy in the process? Wouldn't you rather try to get things straightened out and understand the situation? It is hard enough to keep all my thoughts in my

notebook let alone my head. It is not about being vindictive. It may be about getting a response, but more about getting an acknowledgement or understanding. Why would I want to hurt someone that I care about? If the person seems to have a decent respect for my thoughts, feelings, and opinions there is no point. When someone purposefully tries to hurt me and doesn't care, that is when I get angry. I feel I am getting dangerously close to that now so... "I got keep my distance"

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talks. If someone doesn't strike me as interesting then I really don't want to waste time trying to get to know them if they are just going to be gone. It is not about first impressions either. It might be about hints to their real self that then seem to exude that I like to think I pick up on sometimes. I get interested in people for odd reasons like trying to prove myself wrong about first impressions. I guess right now I feel like I am missing something. Maybe I will find it in Portland, maybe not but at least I will have tried.

I was talking to my friend Yuri about missing something and what I am looking for in that missing piece. It was hard to explain. He said that I was a writer and of course I could explain. So I said ok and sat down with my notebook and wrote him an answer instead of speaking an answer. This kinda what I wrote . . .

Even when I was a little kid I had the equivalent of a best friend. My first best friend was a boy; we used to feed his sister mud pies. I have usually had someone to

seem real until translated to paper or spoken out loud.

It is so much easier for me to look at a situation objectively when there is a physical distance from it. I went to Seattle for Easter; I saw my sister and buried my head in a book. It was nice I hardly worried myself about my situation at home. And my stomachaches that had been plaguing me were gone too. Time and space tend to compound complexities exponentially in my mind. Multiply that by solitude and I get overly dramatic imaginary conversations in my head where I know all the questions and most of the answers.

People do strange things when they are upset especially at the end of long term relationships. (My sister talked about this in her zine "Touched by an anvil") whether it is changing your style by buying new clothes (like jackets in the middle of summer), submersing yourself in the wonders

of modern technology (by spending endless hours on the internet or playing video games), going into voluntary solitary confinement, drowning themselves in the comfort of acquaintances to make them

friends, willing scatter-brained zines (like this), listening to new music, or wandering around town aimlessly heedless to the time of day. A strange thing that girls (and some boys) do is cut off their hair. For some reason it feels really liberating, like there is some symbolic quality to have all your hair gone. Like ties to the situation have been cut. I remember the first time I chopped off my hair like that. I was 19 and at the end of a 3 year relationship. I walked into my sister's room with a pair of scissors in hand and she said "your not really going to do it are you?" and then I started chopping off my hair that was half way down my back. Ever since then I find myself cutting random chunks of hair or just dying it when I get frustrated. Needless to say it keeps getting shorter and has been some really messed up colours. Last semester I had people in one of my classes ask me how many times I had dyed my hair just in the past few months. I honestly couldn't remember.

So... I plan to move to Portland in August. I don't think all of my problems will magically disappear. I actually think it will create a whole opportunity for new ones to find me. There are a bunch of reasons why I want to move. Some people say I am just running away and that thought will stick in the back of my mind. Especially coming from someone I respect so much. I see it as setting up a trial for myself. I said in Brainscan #9 that it is time for a change, well this is my change. It is time to stop making comfortable risks. And I really miss my little sister that goes to school in Eugene. I want to be close to her by not close enough to use her as a crutch.

The problem with moving is meeting new people. It seems like I am really picky about who I choose to spend a lot of time with. Maybe I am just paranoid of some people. I just don't like wasting my time on any relationship that does not involve time and is not productive to my brain. I enjoy late night caffeine induced walks and

s and new friends. Funny how so much has changed and how little things have changed as well. I could talk more about life being a paradox but I think you get the point by now.

So along with Spring and drowning me in memory comes real people out of my past. It is weird how it happens in Spring or maybe I just take notice of it more. It is like everyone crawls out of the holes they have been hiding in, including me. These people's lives twist and twine around me. This whole web of my life is a little on the overwhelming side this Spring. There are too many reminders, too many open doors and windows with drafts that let pieces of others in and pieces of me out. These people remind me of how personality is scattered and how you affect more people than you think. It actually scares me that I have been in Utah for over half my life now, in relatively the same scene for ten years, and the same people keep surfacing in my life, especially in Spring.

Body image is a strange thing. I was talking to my friend Kate the night that we met (also the night that we decided in our inebriated state to take an auto shop class). We were talking about body image and I was saying that I have been finding myself wearing eyeliner occasionally, something I used to never do. I usually think that make-up is like a mask to hide who you really are. I still think that about people who completely plaster their face. Personally I don't know what to do with most of the crap in one of those stupid make-up case things. For some reason I would actually feel embarrassed to even try. I feel comfortable to some times wear eyeliner now, I didn't before. I think that make-up should have a dual purpose. It should enhance natural beauty, not create artificial beauty (unless it is the completely outrageous things that you are going for like orange eye shadow and blue lipstick, or the all black mockery of fashion that some people do) and I think make-up should make you feel good about yourself. For me I would never wear more than minimal

because I don't know what to do with it, I wouldn't be comfortable wearing it and worrying if I smudged it while hugging a friend and having to go to the bathroom to fix it. That seems so ridiculous, I'd rather spend my time doing something else like sleep than get up early to paint my face.

A lot of people don't seem to be satisfied with how they were created. We, as humans, alter so much, we included: nail polish, make-up, tanning salons, clothes not to mention tattoos and piercings. Why? Personally I get bored with myself. Sometimes I think that it makes me more interesting to people who find people like me interesting. It actually seems kind of silly like advertising or something. But is it really silly to show people on the outside how you feel comfortable on the inside? I guess it is kinda like all the birds with beautiful plumage and strange mating calls. Except humans aren't just looking for a mate, they are looking for friends and a place where they can belong. I'll admit that the first material things I notice about a person is their shoes and

their hair. You used to be able to tell a lot about a person by their shoes, but now Alwalks are plastic shoes for cheerleaders and Dr. Martens are platform looking dress shoes for jocks. Oh well.

So it is spring once again and with spring comes rain to drown me in memory. Spring and rain always seems to remind me of the past. Every Spring I say it is my favorite season but when fall comes around I say the same thing about it too. This spring is bittersweet, I think I will say that fall is much better. I always notice the day that seems to feel like the first day of those two seasons. There is something in the air. It makes my heart smile no matter how

heavy it is. The first day of spring this year I woke up in tears for work with the St. Patrick's day parade two blocks away and all the buses routed down my street. Two years ago on the first day that seemed like spring I was with my sister, some friends, and my puppy Stormy. We walked around downtown and explored alleys happy to not have to wear sweatshirts in the spring sun. I ended up eating Ramen on a stranger's floor, and going to Denny's and playing with Star Wars